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inserted for a less term than three months will be charged \$1.50 per square of eight lines, or less, for the first insertion, and \$1 or each subsequent insertion.

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FALSE AND DEAD.

have been through the cabinet, And, searching, I found there, Apart from other relies set, A lock of chestnut hair. letter with a crimson scal, A letter with a black: wished I could not think or feel,

For then old times back. h, chestnut curl, so bright and warm! You waved above a brow Indimmed by care, unscathed by storm-Methinks I see it now. And yet the gold threads glancing through Your fold so glossy fair, know should be of sable hue

To match the stain they bear. , letter with the seal of red! You have some witching lore, veet as was ever sung or said In fairy days of yore, h, letter with the seal of black! Your spell has thawed my brain, The pent up tears come gushing back Like heavy, blinding rain.

and now in either hand I hold These relies of the past, earning for once warm lips now cold And joys that might not last. read the false sweet legend on The lying seal of read; Then strike my heart, as strikes a stone, These three words-"He is dead."

FAWN.

In the summer of 1813, a band of Se neca Indians were encamped on the banks of the Genesee river. They were on their return from a hunting expedition to their main reservaand were anxious to hasten their novements, for the purpose of ofmovements, for the purpose of of-fering their services for the defence of the frontier to their American al-lies, in the war pending between them and England. But their pro-gress at the time referred to was de-layed, owing to the circumstance that one of their number, a favorite -a girl some fifteen years of agenad been taken ill on the march, and vas then delirious with fever.

The disease had baffled the usual skill of the few squaws of the band. A consultation was held by the warriors, to determine whether to remain with the girl, and await the future of the disease, or to leave her at the nearest settlement of whites, n charge of one or two of their number, and then proceed on their journey. The latter prosposition was vehemently opposed by the sachem of the band, the reputed father of the girl. At this crisis, the deep baying of the hounds around the encampment fires betokened the approach of a stranger.

"It is our good brother, the young white hunter," ejaculated Blue Coat, the sachem, in broken English, as a young man in hunting cos-tume, and with a rifle in hand, ounded into encampment.

A vigorous shaking of hands enued, and grunts of satisfaction were heard on every side. Waltar, or "Wally," as he was known by the Indians, was informed of the subject under discussion; and he was taken to the couch of bear skins on which the sufferer lay. His heart felt pity; his deepest ympathies were instantly aroused. He had never before seen the face

of an Indian female that interested nim so much. "Night has overtaken me in the ase, ten mile from home," said Walter; "I will tarry with you till early morn, when Fawn shall be taken to my mother, who will care Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Balusters, Newel Posts, Flooring, for her as for her own child; and the they possessed the least intelligence, white medicine man shall kill her and were the most borbarous of any disease. A few of your number may remain with her until she is a- Wild Cat immediately attended with the remark? le to resume her march." The counsel was at an end. Grunts of approval was the reply to Walter's proposition, and renewed shaking of hands followed. A bountiful

daugther.

As Walter was attending the tended. ouch of the sick chief one evening. bottom of a canoe; and the party, with swift moving paddles, made

ooks a stolid indifference to their leaved his skull on the spot, but enting him to death. It was determined that the victim

APART.

true!" exclaimed Fawn, as she cut "Your strength of manhood wastes away the bonds of Walter. "We are a-lone—follow me -quick—quick!"

They hastily ran to the lake shore, Wherewith the ways of men are sown amped into a canoe, and shot out Nor dwell I loveless and alone; nto deep water. Fawn quickly re- One tender spirit shares my days, loaded the rifle, and placed it on the floor of the canoe; but ere long, as both were making vigorous use One voice is swift to yield me praise, One true heart beats against my own! of their padelles, they discovered a canoe coming in a direction to inter- Than Love that burns a steadfast fire, ept their progress. It contained | And Faith, that ever leads him higher He had caught sight of Walter and Fawn, as they pushed out into

Oh, far and faint I hear the din the lake; having recovered from the cectionate heart, pulled strongly shock of surprise, and frenzied by on his sensibilities. A vague desire the escapes of Walter by the hands of the strand press of life; ook possession of him to return to Fawn, he was determined to overtake and destroy both, or perish in | Seem rolled from thunder-clouds uncu About a dim and distant world, On flew the canoes with the speed | Below me, in the sunless gloom; of arrows. Wild Cat had the ad- But round my brow the amaranths bloom tachment, remained with her. On vantage in lightness of canoe and his departure with her and the few that dexterity in the use of the pad-For more, what more can man desire Than Love, that burns a steadfast fire, Where all the jars of earth shall cease? ty volume of the water of Erie, just

A present glery haunts my way, rent runs at the rate of seven miles | Illumes the flushed horizon's verge n hour, and increases in rapidity And fainter, farther still the surge was becoming weared with his wild in its descent, until twenty miles of buffeting waves that beat and roar below the waters leap the world- Up the dim world's tempestuous shore Beneath me in the moonless airo; Wild Cat's canoe gained rapidly Alas, its passions, sorrows, eares!

Alas, its passions, sorrows, eares!

Alas, its fathomless despairs! But an irresistible desire to see again the Indian maiden induced beyond the greatest strength of the on these clear heights of liberty,

> To pearly paths of perfect peace! A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

uickly drawn into the current, shot own the river, and was engulfed

of Fawn, which she was too unsophisticated to conceal on the arrival of Walter. The absence from him had been the means of manifesting to herself her attachment to him. Time, since their parting, had developed inmate feelings which convinced her that the Indian character was not in sympathy with; hers and that Walter was her real hero. She, therefore, in confident simplicity, told Walter that a young Indian, called Wild Cat, so named on never used them-they are here. In hurled back, with just a glimpse of

a little box of clothing for the child, was a picture of a man and woman

As he sat confronting the heap of papers on his desk, the office door ned and a lady entered. Mechan cally Harry rose and placed a chair :

ourial of the sachem, to find inscribed on the back the name of "John Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Tynlall," said the most musical of Fawn was a niece of his stepfather! voices. "I have been on the upper in He had now the first clue to the floor looking for the office of Graves he & Waldron, and was told they were Securing attendants, Walter, with Fawn, immediately set out for Al-ton, where they arrived in due time, you to deliver it? I will remain and without trouble. Procuring the here. Of all things I dislike to lose read it: services of an experienced and ex- myself in these dark passages hunt-

pert attorney, an investigation was commenced; and by a course of fority-was gone but a moment, and

ommuted to running the gauntlet on Dr. Arnold's return from the place of the death of his brother, some two hundred miles distant, he have not a friend who could help me place of the death of his brother, some two hundred miles distant, he have not a friend who could help me place of the death of his brother, some two hundred miles distant, he make an assignment or go into bank-runter, and then depart for Ameriquested him to act as her guardian "I may just as well give it up. the very few that had known of her ruptcy, and then depart for Ameri where toil is better requited." And as he spoke he rose to his feet, his eyes falling on the floor. private interview with Dr. Arnold. He was vaguely conscious of some er, numbering several hundred. They found him far gone in con-were formed. As Wild Cat passed sumption, and broken in siprits, but lessly to lift it, and saw that it was apparently, contrite and repentant. a pocket-book-leather, and rather as much to save you a single pang liged to do to save instant death. He acknowledged the enormity of the worse for wear, but was very ach person as he or she felt dis- the offence, but wished the matter plethoric. He sat down again and posed, gave him a cuff, a blow, or a to be kept a secret, and expressed opened it. There were various com- science.

On the Canada side, near where to the amount of fifty thousand dol- from ruin. If it were his he could Wild Cat landed, the remnants of the lars being the one-half of his estate. pay that bill falling due, sell off his panic was past! He looked the pocket-book over

in mind and manners, and the age of again. There was no clue to the twenty, she was unitedin marriage owner, yet he felt convinced that it must of course belong to Clara Bervisited his estate of the Genesee ri- had been in his office that morning er. He was astonished and delight- It was a terrible temptation to Har-A short time subsequent to Wild ed with the improvements of the ry. Had his visitor been any other than Clara Berwick it is hard to say Cat's punishment, the old sachem derness had indeed blossomed as the whether conscience or inclination was taken seriously ill, which de- rose." The Genesee valley had be- would have prevailed; as it was, onscience won the day, and he He improved his grounds, and erectstarted out after Miss Berwick. She was net to be found, however and Harry concluded she had gone

were unavailing. Only death should separate the warrior and his daugther.

with all. And now, though bronz-clara was an heiress and something of a belle, too. She was not classic-daugther.

Walter and Fawn are cheerfully example of a belle, too. She was not classic-daugther. and had a good figure, clear com plexion, frank grey eyes, and very oints she made the most of, as every daughter of Eve is bound to do She came down in response to Har-ry's double knock, and looked quite

> When Harry showed her the pock-et-book she looked at it attentively, "Why, Mr. Tyndall," she cried

that is my pocket-book;" and she

certainly not mine," she responded What shall I do with it ?" Harry, in perplexity.

She and Harry had often met in was a rocky labyrinth called the

Come not with empty words that sav. What more, what more could man desi-Along the paths which point to peace?

These summits of serene desire-Whence Love ascends, a quenchless fire, And sweet Faith ever leads me higher

While reposing himself at the foot of a large tree, he was startled by the report of a rifile; the next moment an American panther lay dead at his side. Starting to his feet he gazed around—twas but for the moment—a crackling of the bushes—and "Welcome Wally!" from the old sachem, greeted his sears.

Walter, fortunately had compute for grounds and near the wigwam of his Indian friend, and had by him been saved from a terrible conflict, if not death, as the beast was at the point of springing when the bullet pierced his heart.

Great was the joy and satisfaction of Fawn, which she was too unsophisticated to conceal on the errival of Walter. The absence from a him of the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going or in the business world. No wonder that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going or in the business world. No wonder that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going or in the business world. No wonder that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going or in the business world. No wonder that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going or in the business world. No wonder that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going or in the business world. No wonder that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going or in the business world. No wonder that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going or in the business world. No wonder that the starts, because Clara loved the starts, because Clara loved the starts, because Clara loved the wash of the day and would married life be shaded by shift despairing eyes at the spectre ruin which stared at him from no great distance. He had weathered the store of the side of his starting as in the day and would married life be shaded by this setting of her light? Ah, it is the day away. Why should he, a common thief, rejoice because under faise the starts, because under faise the starts because the

exclaimed in surprise: "Miss on examining the picture, after the he Berwick!"

light broke in upon him. it was ascertained that John Ar- on his return found Miss Berwick indian could re-prime, he was in | nold had left, though without writ- | standing by the window idly looking the tiger grasp of Walter, thrown, ten will, twenty-five thousand dol- down the street. She turned at his isarmed, and bound.

A council of warriors was held, He had, in confidence, placed this and a bow, and then took her bright presence out of the room, and Harry

kick. Then, running swiftly to his cance, he darted across the foot of the found and restored. By mutual agreement, and by his desire, ten one-hundred-pound notes. he at once signed deeds in her favor

Just the sum that would save him stock, and seek a situation until the

are the most beautiful and lovable surprised, though she endeavored to it,

you must think I have poor taste

"Indeed! The pocket-book is

"Why keep it, of course," re-sponded Miss Berwick, with a bright

priated it, and was henceforth branded a thief in his own eyes. Those months of financial embar-rassment that followed were safely ided over, and then he devoted himself to his business with a melancholy desperation born of con-scious guilt. He went little into so-

ciety, and especially did he avoid Clara Berwick, who, with a perversity of mocking mischief, tortured him with allusions to the lost ocdet-book whenever she chanced o meet him. She was thoroughly good natured about it, so utterly conscience was his sharpest accuser; he imagined knowledge of his guilt, when in reality there was none. He did not conceal from himsel that the desire to remain in Miss cause of his rash act; yet, now that her, he shrunk from making an avowal of his feelings—he dared not approach her with his love. So he

strong enough to withstand the had yielded to a lesser one. But, disguise the fact as we may we are all creatures of circumstance We say, "I will not do so," and lo in a month or year we have done those very things, and it has become a matter of course that we should have done so. Even as, in spite of himself, Harry Tyndall had appro priated what was not his, also, in spite of his will, he was at last thrown into just such circumstances as forced from his lips a declaration

as he made it. Clara arched her brows a m

parted with the witness of his crime Clara took it in her hands. Now, Harry," said she, "I have telling you that I fell in love with i but as the lady threw back her vail, you at first sight; and that when I powder. The animal, by measurelearned from my lawyer that you were on the verge of ruin, and that so small a sum of money would save you, I was grieved for your sufferings but rejoiced to think I might

Here she opened the purse, slipped the penknife between the two compartments, drew out a folded paper, which sae handed to Harry, who "Use this money to take up that outstanding debt. A FRIEND." He looked at her smiling face and

So it was your purse, after all? "No, Harry, it was not my purse. found the old thing in the garret but it was my money. Tell me, did it save you? "Yes; oh, yes! And all these years I have borne about a needless burden, and morning, noon an night called myself a thief, and

dared not tell you of my love

cause of it. Ah, what have I not suffered?" "And I am the cause of it all, cried Clara, throwing her arms around his neck, with a burst of tears, "Can you forgive me?" "Forgive you?" said Harry fondly, "I would go through twice And, at last, I can hold up my head among them with a clear con-

"Of course you can. Don't you remember I told you at the time to use it? You might have known was all right?" "Yes, I might, but I did not. would have saved me much sorrow

Love.-Never be ashamed of eve having loved any one. If perchance you have hated, then blush for it, but not for love. It does not matter at all whether the person on whom your affections fixed themselves reciprocated the sentiment. Where here is no shame in loving, in itself, the fact of having given love with-out reward can bring none with it. You have only bestowed a gift more priceless than any jewel can be upon one who did not thank you. Since there is sorrow to one's self in it, it is best to struggle with the heart, and keep it until it is asked for; but if it goes irrevocably forth, despite all effort, no need to feel like a guilty thing, and long to hide from your very self. Providence gave you shed a perfume and lend a sweetness

away under the weight of disappointed love, merely because he sentiment that teaches her to scorn a natural feeling has worn her beauty away, robbed her of all hope in the presence of the future. I think it would be better if even a woman dared to say, "I loved him, but he did not love me," with the same "But no one has been to my office sweet sadness with which, when often resort to many means wherewords, "I loved him, and he died."

" Cor-rect."

I remember, at Gettysburg, a cool case of unadorned bravery. It was at the extreme left of the line where below, and not a hundred yards off

When Should the Honeymoon End. My husband said, "It is time now. the honeymoon was over, and we began real life. These sentimentalities will do awhile, but cannot last." And is it so? And must it be tha not so; I believe that in the grave only my "honeymoon" would go down. She was too bright, too full too steady on the zenith ever to de-

husband says-madly out of the carriage window.

he called Heaven to witness the saargued to himself, thinking he was cred vow. Then why call these temptation, although he knew he things unreal? It is said that we must lay aside "such sentimentali-ties and turn to real life." Is a tale of tedious prose more real than the tured in harsh, unattractive cuts than in a softly, finely shaped engraving? Is bread less the state of the s graving? Is bread less the staff of life because served in a nicely seaened and shaped loaf?

of love to Clars, though he doubted it may not appear sentimental? Do the trees refuse to receive it lest they become dwarfed? Do the flownent in pretended surprise (as if ers refuse to taste it lest their bloom as if we never would get away from she had not known his struggles all along), then her old merry, mocking smile flashed over her face, and some bantering words rose to her lips; but they were unspoken; for there was carnestness enough, and the horse to drik it, fearing it may be don't laugh, Lillian; you don't know me of old, as mother does. I was always a hungry little boy, and I guess I have not improved much the hard, stern, blighting frost. The one is as real as the other, and nather their bloom them; but come, let's have supper, for I am dreadful hungry. There, don't laugh, Lillian; you don't know me of old, as mother does. I was always a hungry little boy, and I guess I have not improved much them; but come, let's have supper, for I am dreadful hungry. There, and on't laugh, Lillian; you don't know me of old, as mother does. I was always a hungry little boy, and I guess I have not improved much them; but come, let's have supper, for I am dreadful hungry. There, and on't laugh, Lillian; you don't know me of old, as mother does. I was always a hungry little boy, and I guess I have not improved much them; but come, let's have supper, for I am dreadful hungry. There, and on't laugh, Lillian; you don't know me of old, as mother does. I was always a hungry little boy, and I guess I have not improved much them; but come, let's have supper, for I am dreadful hungry. There, and on't laugh, Lillian; you don't know me of old, as mother does. I was always a hungry little boy, and I guess I have not improved much them; but come, let's have supper, for I am dreadful hungry. There, and on't laugh, Lillian; you don't know me of old, as mother does. I was always a hungry little boy, and I guess I have not improved much them; but come, let's have supper, for I am dreadful hungry. There, and on't laugh, Lillian; you don't know world do they make starch. I'll have not in the his come, let's have supper, for I am dreadful hungry. There, and on't laugh, Lillian; you don't know world do they make starch. I'll have not in the his come, let's have not in the his own the river, and was engulfed enough of passion and pain in his face to subduce even her. He scarced duces in the influence of the one of the the eyes of Walter and Fawn, as they failing all around. No wonder that away feeling as if his head would eth herself against the other. The fully. I knew you will agree with

titled as above, in which it is stated that Mrs. Turner, while visiting in the neighborhood of Russian river last week, encountered an enormous middle of the road, by middle of the road, But come and show me the liher cries were heard by some butchers, who went to her assistance The panther seeing an extra force in came down by an application of gun ment, proves to be the largest of the kind ever killed in the country.

self half so well. How can I thank you for it?" "How can you thank me? question, you silly child! Why, I think I have had my thanks alread in seeing how happy it has made you. Good gracious! how late it is," said he, opening his watch. "Indeed I must go. There, don't look so sad, Pet. I hate to leave you, but you know I must not neglect my business if I would be some thing more than a confidential clerk some day. You won't be lonely, as mother is with you, and undoubtedly you will have quite a number of callars to-day. Give me a kiss. There! Good-bye, little one." should strive to please her husban She watched him until he drove

knew how."

lown the steps to him

depend on that compliment as a sin-

"I am glad for you sake that they

like me, for I want you to be proud

"I should be that even if no one

and opening the piano.

"What shall I play?"

"Too RELIGIOUS."-Too religous, in the proper sense of the word we cannot be. We cannot have the a child long enough; now I am goreligious sentiments and principles too strong, or too deeply fixed, it cannot love God too warmly, or honor Him too highly, or strive to must think me very silly." serve Him too earnestly, or trust lim too implicitly; because it is our duty to love Him "with all our hearts, and all our soul, and all our nind, and all our strength." thur's favorite, I believe." Thus skillfully did Mrs. Trento

But too, religious, in another sense we may, and are very apt to be; that is, we are very apt to make for ourselves too many objects of religious

Now Almighty God has revealed Himself as the proper object of region-as the one only Power on whom we are to feel ourselves con-tinually dependent for all things, and the one only Being whose favor we are continually to seek. And lest we should complain that an In-finite Being is an object too remote and incomprehensible for our mind to dwell upon, He has manifested Himself in His Son, the man Jesus Christ, whose history and character are largely described to us in the Gospels; so that to love, fear, honor and serve Jesus Christ, is to love honor, and serve Almight God, Jesus Christ being "one with the Father," and "all the fulness of the Godhead" dwelling in Him.-Archbishop Whately.

ROOT THEM OUT .-- From my win dow I have many times watched. with intense interest, the untirin efforts of a gardner, to rid his gartime he used many means, but to no though it has never been effect, until he commenced to root them out upon their first appear-

Just so it is with our hearts; w receive good impressions, and in cars resolve to be made better by them, but we are defeated and driv would make a fortune on the stage. en back with our own sword, for the ittle sins we have almost unconsc ously allowed to remain leaving naught but fear and self-

Oh! how wise it would be to learn a lesson from the judicious garden er, remembering that the only safe way to rid ourselves of besetting sins, is to root them out from ou hearts, for to retain is but to cher ish, and "he who would be wise must be wise for himself."

MORAL INFLUENCE. The influ-

BY W. A. POLLOCK. I could not keep my secret

That would be impossible; you know I have a family of my own. But I have a word to say in regard to Catherine. There is not much but what she can do, but she has a very high temper, and it will be best not to show her that you fear her. If you do she will show you that she will be her mistress thereafter; and perhaps it would be best to watch her a little, for I don't

quite like the looks of some of her friends she brings here." "But, mother, she frowns when ver I even go into the kitchen." "Well, show her you intend to rule, and I don't think you will have any trouble."

Mrs. Trenton went home. Catherine was left to herself, and every-thing went on smoothly for a while. "Lillian," said Arthur, one morn-ing, "I wish you would please tell Catherine not to have supper until eight, as I cannot be home as early as usual to-night."

ry voice, while a bright face peeped "Yes, this is home," said a tall, manly fellow, kissing the upturned face, "and you are Ivery welcome."

A stately old lady that stood in the doorway came down to greet "This is my wife, mother," said

the gentleman, as he assisted the little lady to alight, "and I trust having said this she threw down the nough, for here she came with bonas dearly as if you were my own, and I hope that not one cloud may et and shawl on, and marched out oldly past her. dim your future love. Come, let us

go in; you both look tired."
"Have you been waiting supper, mother?" asked Arthur Trenton. "I am sorry, but I met Tom Ford and his wife at the depot, and it was time with it," said she, tossing the shirt in the basket, "for I can iron the rest. Time to get supper," said she, glancing up at the clock. "I guess I will make biscuits, as Ar-thur is very fond of them, and fry

the fish he sent here this morning. "Well, Lillian," said Arthur Tren-After consulting the cook-book ton, the next morning after breakfor a long time, the biscuits were made and placed in the oven. Then she put on the fish. First, the fire fast, "as you are mistress here henceforth, wouldn't you like to look ovwas too hot, and they burnt fast to "Oh, certainly; I couldn't rest the skillet; then it was not hot enough, and after a half hour of contented here another hour without knowing what that house confruitless endeavor to make the fire burn, she found the fish in about the same condition as when she first placed them there. "It is no use; I can't fry them," said she, jerking "What a great bump of curiosity you must have," said he, laughing.

g arrived at this point, "Oh, I shall be so happy here!" laid her face in her hands and cried said she as they walked out arm like a very child. and arm on the verandah; "nothing Arthur wondered what had come can ever trouble me in such an Eden "I am glad you like it, for I selit, and everything was as still as lected everything with great care,

"And I could not have suited myter?" said he, as he caught a glimpse of a blue dress in the kitch-

> his neck, "I am so glad you have ome, for I have had such a time! "Why, what have you done?" "I havn't done anything, but I have been a trying to, but I can't cook, I can't bake-in short, I can't

> "Why, I told her not to get sup-per until eight, and she said she knew her own business, and would So she left, and I tried to get supper

ing to be a woman."
"Crying, Lillian?" asked Mrs. Trenton, coming out at the door. "Pretty nearly, mother; but you as she began to cry again. "Not at all, for I was just like you when I was first maaried. Come, let us go and look at the flowers. Is not that rose beautiful? It is Ar-

> still. The fault is not yours, it is per we can get together. The next morning Catherine ap-

a portion of each day in the kitchen, ntil she knew something about housekeeping.
"You don't know what trouble it is," said she, one day when Arthur was asking her how she was

have taught her to appreciate the will there is a way," and that no la-dy's education is finished until she

How a Miser was Taken in. Everybody has heard of Velpeau the great French surgeon, but few persons are aware of the fact that e was very miserly and disagreehave a voice like that. Why, you able. A story has recently been told of him to the effect that, having "How cruel in you to say that, uccessfully performed a very peri when you know I only care to sing us operation on a boy, the mother of the patient waited upon Velpeau "I did not mean to be cruel, Lil-

fish in me to keep you here where no one would have the chance of ap-precating your voice but myself." "And is that not enough?" said the, smiling through her tears.
"I tell you, Lillian," said he bendng over her and softly stroking the clossy brown hair, "I am ready e-echo Miss Agatha's sentiments in regard to my choice." "And may you, my husband," said she, looking up fondly into his

ject in view, and with good supplies of arms, ammunition, and hunting atire, he found himself in due time in the Genesee Valley—at that time abounding in bear, the wild cat, deer, and lesser game. He took up his abode in the house of a settler on the bonse of a settler on the Genesee. He wrote to mother by every possible on the Genesee. He wrote to ing of her death, he felt as if the lighted the point of the Genesee of the opening of the point of the Genesee of the Genese of the Genesee of the Genese of them by word or deed of mine."

derin' me about? Faith, I knows

lo as I say or leave the house." "And leave I will, and ye can git supper and do the ironing." And

"I do believe she is going to leave," thought Lillian. Yes, sure

"Oh, yes; and if the theory you men preach is true, we all have them—so you cannot laugh at me them off the stove; "Arthur will have to be content with cold meat and biscuits. Oh, by the way, I guess they must be done by this time," and a vision of light snowy biscuits floated before her eye. They are well browned, it is true, but, oh, my! as flat as when she made them.
"This is the result of my boarding-school training," said she; sitthe beast, but the panther continuing to advance, she fled, raising her voice to a pitch that would have done honor to a prima donna of the done honor to a prima donna of the cellar.

brary.

Each room and its furniture was inspected and criticised, and pronounced perfect from garret to cellar. ting down on the floor with a hope

suiting your taste as nearly as I

"Oh, Arthur," said she, springing up and throwing her arms around

that was her work," said he, rather severely, looking at the tear-stained out of sight, then felt as if she

myself, but I didn't succeed, as you "Don't, Lillian," said he gently, must try and learn to control your-"But I know you will beashamed

iraw her attention until she had your education. I am quite sure gained her wonted cheerfulness hen sent her to her room to dress. hings if you had had a chance. But "Well, Lillian, and how have you come, let us see what kind of a suppassed the day?" asked Arthur Trenton that night, as his wife ran peared, saying she was only in fun the day before, and wanted to take "I can hardly tell, so many have been here; and, Arthur, I know those Gaylords think I am a little her old place, but Lillian would not

as I was leaving the city, and she declared I had one of the sweetest ittle women for a wife that she ever met, and that I really deserved oraise for the choice I had made. Now you know she is one of those getting along.
"All work is troublesome," said vinegar faced old maids who always say just what they think, so we can

"but it will grow casy by and Now, this happened long ago, and Lillian since then has become a model cook, but she says her troubles old adage, that "where there is a

to present you with this pocket book, embroidered by my own hands." "Oh, Madame," replied Velpeau 'my art is merely a question of feel ng. My life has its requirements like yours. Dress, even, which is a luxury for you, is necessary for me

Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present, in exchange face, "never have cause to retract for a more substantial remunera-

a dearly loved mother; and though his was proposed against her re-

er secret sympathies. Placing a urse of five hundred dollars in his nand, she kissed her manly-hearted and darling boy for her last time. To strengthen his health—to cultivate and develop his physical sys-tem. Walter determined to devote sports in the West. With this ob-

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None but really extra hazardous occupations restricted and the object of the saveges being the object of

JAMES J. O'FALLON, President. A. M. BRIFTON, Vice President.

R. R. DASHIELL, M. D. Medical Examiner.

VOL. XXVII.

M. WISDOM.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871. nently acted as interpreter between savages sprang to their feet; each From Appleton's Journal, May 14. parties of the two races. Walter expected to drop next; a hasty glance ould scarcely believe that she was of Indian blood; yet she declared they fled precipitaely up the beach. "Thank heaven, my aim was

DON CAMERON. erwise, save that of a dim, undefined dream of an early life within civiliz-Her jet hair, her black eyes, hough rather full and round for an ndian, her cheek bones and broazd complexion, seemed to denote an Indiadforigin: vet her elastic, springing gait-her intelligence, her quick perceptions, and the play of her fea-tures, which exhibited the various emotions of the mind, indicated otherwise. Walter was puzzle-he became abstraced, save when in her

resence. Her rather winning way nd smile, her gentle nature and afivilization with the maiden, and to ducate her to become his wife. The sachem, between whom and he girl there existed a strong atattendants, he pressented Walter die which only great strength, unitship with the Senecas, and as a to- American side was across the migh-

the attempt.

backwards and lengthways into

is canoe; it swung round, was

-her parents; it is in this packet-

What was Walter's astonishment,

money before his death, in the hands

With proofs in their prossession,

Mary entered a female seminary,

where she remianed three years; at

Ten years supsequently, Walte

ome thegarden of the empire State.

...

Old Women.

The old man could say no more.

sudden wealth of Dr. Arnold.

take them."

and Mary Arnold."

ken of bravery. A year passed away. With a where it enteres the mouth, and foresight creditable to his years, Walter had purchased for a small sum three hundred acres of land on rent runs at the rate of seven miles.

A present glery haunts my A promise of diviner day Illumes the flushed horizon he shores of the Genesee river. He sport and pursuits, and strenghtend and invigorated, was about to return to the centers of civilization, and embark in the business of life. him to change his purpose for a-while. Accordingly, depending on stood erect, and had just poised the his riftle for support, he made his unerring hatthet, when a bullet way through tangled woods and pieced his heart. He reeled and fell swamps, until at length, at the close of a day, weary and footstore, he found himself on the bank of Buffao creek, and but a few miles south

of the still smoking ruins of the vilage of Buffalo. While reposing himself at the foot

Hed Wild Cat, so named on account of his more than usual fero-

cious instincts, sought her hand in

marriage; that she despised him, and

that her father, the sachem, had for-

bade him the wigwam. And furth-

ermore, that Walter's association

with her would arouse his jealousy and wrath, and Wild Cat would surely seek his life. The belt of wampum, desinged as a pass of safety, would be the mark for the bul-Fawn's apprehension were well bunded. A deadly ammosity was soon animosity by Wild Cat to-ward Walter. Yet Walter took no pains to avoid him. His heroic nature spurned any betrayal of fear .-Several weeks clapsed when the two abruptly met in the forest. Instantthe Indian's gun was aimed at Valter; it missed fire; and ere the

and Wild Cat was condemned to death by the hand of Walter. But of his brother, Dr. Arnold, and re- was left to his meditations. at his intercession, the sentence was The punishment was immediately carried into effect. On the banks of the creek, near its mouth and unction with Lake Eric, two rows | Walter and his attorney sought a f men and squaws facing each othlown between them, as he was o-

sarmed, and bound.

Pawnuck tribe of Indians were setled. Though their dialect was similar to that of the Senecas, yet | the end of which time, cultivated | himself, and related to them a glowingly false account of his wrongs

supper of roast venison and cakes of pounded corn baked in hot ashes was prepared, of which all save the he had intended. All of Walter's invalid ate heartily; and, after a entreatise and persuasions to induce ed an elegant manson, in which he lengthened smoking of pipes, the the old chief to allow him to place has since resided, happy in domes-party, wrapped in Indian blankets, Fawn within the pale of civilization tic relations, and in good fellowship home. So thither he bent his steps. ght their night's repose. Walter Wallace was of good paentage, and well educated. He was eft fatherless at an early age. Dr Arnold, his stepfather, though a man of abilities, had but a small practice. during the temporary absence He was not generally liked. His in- Fawn, a band of six Indians, head creasing wealth, therefore, was a by Wild Cat, suddenly burst into matter of surprise to all, and suspi-cion to many of his neighbors. The bound, and, beforethe alarm could natter was once be boyishly rafer- be given, he was thrust into the ed to by Walter, in conversation with his father, who answered on-

ly by a scowl of resentment. Wal-ter at once comprehended that he the foot of the lake. their way rapidly and safely across was treading on forbidden ground. - Great was the exultation of Wild At length the overbearing dispo-sition and imperious will of Dr. Ar-val, who, when the party landed dispo- Cat over the capture of his hated riand became insupportable to Wal- was unbound; and while his enemy ter, and at the age of ninsteen he flourished a tomahawk around, and ndignantly abandoned the parental in close proximity to his head, he The sting of regret which was taunted with jeers, jibes, and troubled him was the parting from derisive laughter by the party .-Walter was too well acquainted with the Indian nature to offer any reonstrance, yet he was concious of monstrance. He maintained in his proceedings. Wild Cat would have is savage companions desired to share together the pleasure of tortwo years to adventure and wild should be burnt on the ensuing af-

I think old women-I don't quite ike the word "lady," because it loes not mean anything nowadaysthings in the world. They are so near Heaven that they catch the low and brightness which radiate

heir faces. When the hair begins | ter. o silver, and the embers in the fire row cold, and the sun has got so far resent makes no shadow, while the rest for a season-a little mound not | chain. we shall have to leave on the other ide of the hill, but big enough, I rust, to hold our memories and very earnestly. and when the journey is nearly done, and the night is setting in, and the darkness begins to gather around us without any stars, and the birds smile; and she seated herself upon it rested on Little Round Top, a sing low in the trees, and the flow- the sofa and began a discourse on mass of up-piled boulders. Down ers wither and die, and the music something else. sports in the sports in the woods, near the shore, ject in view, and with good sup-ject in view, and with good sup-ject in view, and with good sup-plies of arms, ammunition, and hun-plies of arms, ammunition, and hun-society, but he had never called up-sweet, like sounds coming over the spot in the woods, near the shore, we hear comes from afar, strangely

rom the pearly gate and illuminate and laughed a merry peal of laugh ound in life's horizon that the to own such a purse as that. See ast stretches down the hillside to a drew out a dainty purple velvet ttle mound of earth where we will purse, to which was appended a gold ad marble fronts and safes, which to-day save you."

try around as far as the shores of death dance; after which, sitting in to a more rapid motion, so as to give And just the amount, too! But I

among them.

Under the influence of good treatment, the health and strength of Fawn was restored. Walter was strangely fascinated with her beaustrangely fascinated with blazing torch advanced to fourteen years.

This is a mistaken notion. So far from the purpose, and while was a free man.

It is not necessary to recount the successive steps in temptation with women the affections are omnown in the first dishonest act of a hitherto spotless life. How the sharp without me now, Lillian? asked other that."

Take care, you may regret that."

Oh, I am not afraid that I shall."

"Oh, I am not afraid that I with women the affections are omnique of a hitherto spotless life. How the sharp without me now, Lillian?" asked other passions their slaves.

This is a mistaken notion. So far from the purpose, and while Walter was sign that accompanies the mind of minimation; they should be shall with women the affections are one of a hitherto spotless life. How the sign that accompanies the mind of minimation; they should be should be should be should be sign that accompanies the mind of minimation; they should be shoul ty, and surprised at her intelligence.
She spoke the English and Indian
She spoke the English and Indian
languages fluently, and had frelanguages fluently, and had

my happy dream is over, and shall I be forced to see that it is indeed a dream? I said—yea, I felt it was careless and trifling that he could not cline. I joyfully, wildly, passion accuse her of malice; yet his own ately-my husband says-madly gazed upon her, and in my trans-port I wanted nothing more the world could give. My heart was ever full, so full that it could not but pour itself out in gladful song Berwick's sphere was the principal all the day-when duties prevented its outpouring on the bosom where

he was still where he could meet I felt that it emptied itself into responsive love. I know my husband loves me; that his heart is as surely mine as when

And is my life to be no longer wa-tered and gladdened by the sweet honey dew, except at intervals when

confession to make. Idon't mind the field, went up a tree, but soon

THE WIFE.-If you wish to I happy and have peace in the family, never reprove your husband in ompany, even if that reproof be ev er so light, If he be irritated speak not an angry word. Indifference sometimes will produce unhappy onsequences. Always feel an terest in what your husband undertakes; and if he is perplexed or discouraged, assist him by your smiles and happy words. If the wife is careful how she conducts, speaks, and looks, a thousand happy hearths would cheer and brighten her existence, where now there is nothing but clouds of gloom, sorrow and disontent. The wife, above all others,

and to make home attractive.

if I had. However, I do not regret

that great love, and I believe that den of a little vine, which, if persomehow it will mingle with the mitted to grow, choked out all the life of the one it hovers over, and good sown there. From time to

> spring up and choke out all the good distrust, and in our confusion we

ening in this busy, noisy world, now and then there is presented to us a a tyrant I may be." Erie and Ontario. He had become acquainted with the Indians, their language, costoms and manners; and was a favorite and privileged person among them.

Most young men consider it a life of such uniform virtue, that we seventy-five pulses in a minute, the seventy-five pulses in a minute, that we seventy-five pulses in a minute, the seventy-five pulses in a semicrotic approach to the seventy-five pulses in the five of such seventy-five pulses in the five of such seventy-five pulses in the seventy-five pulses in the seventy-fi

I took it to the running brook, With many a lover's notion,

The gay waves laughed it down the strea And flung it in the ocean; told it to the raven sage, He croaked it to the starling I told it to the nightingale, She sang it to my darling. LILLIAN'S TROUBLES.

Any longer to myself;

And placed it on the shelf;

It lay there many an idle day,

"Twas covered soon with dust

He breathed it through the morning:

The light leaves rustled in the breeze.

BY RUBY MORTIMER.

"And is this home?" asked a mer

bowered in vines and flowers.

you will love her dearly."

"Yes, this half hour."

I graved it on my sword blade.

My fond romances scorning,

"Twas eaten by the rust,

I told it to the zephyr then,

Lillian quaked inwardly, but late thur's request. It was almost dark, when a carringe drove up a long shady avenue

in the afternoon went to obey Ar-"Catherine," said she, putting her head timidly in the kitchen door, "Arthur said please not to have supand stopped in front of a beautiful per until eight, as he cannot be home gothic cottage that was almost em-"And is it the likes of ye to be or-

> me own business." "But I thought I would tell you, Catherine, so your supper would not be spoiled by waiting." "And do you s'pose I'll do it? No, indade; I'se going out with me friends." "Very well, Catherine, you will

"Well, I guess the only thing that can be done," said Lillian, gazing ruefully at the basket of unironed clothes, "will be to do it myself. leclare these shirts are not even starched, and Arthur will want one in the morning. But how in the

over the house that night. The doors were all shut, no lights were mouse. "Where can they all be," said he, entering the hall; and he searched first one room and then "Why, Lillian, what is the mat-

"Where is Catherine? I thought

could have taken a good cry. "But I am not going to do it," said she, her face brightening. "I have been must do as I said, or leave the house.

of me, now that you have learned how ignorant I am." "No, Lillian; I am proud of you

hear of it, and Catherine packed up gnoramus; Miss Agatha particularher things and left in a fury. Lillian did the best she could un-"Now, little one, for once you are til she got another girl, then spent nistaken. I met Miss Agatha just

praised you. Come, play some-thing," said he, entering the parlor has learned these all-important du-"My favorite, 'Auld Robin Lillian had an excellent voice and played well, and when the last sad, tender words died softly away, Authur said, "I am a selfish wretch to bury you in this place, when you

ian; I only meant that it looked sel-"Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude. Allow me, however,

Mitchell says: Man's love is but "Take care, you may regret that." to the worship of country; glory halves the heart of the soldier; but

"Oh, certainly, mother; but why let all thy ways be established